

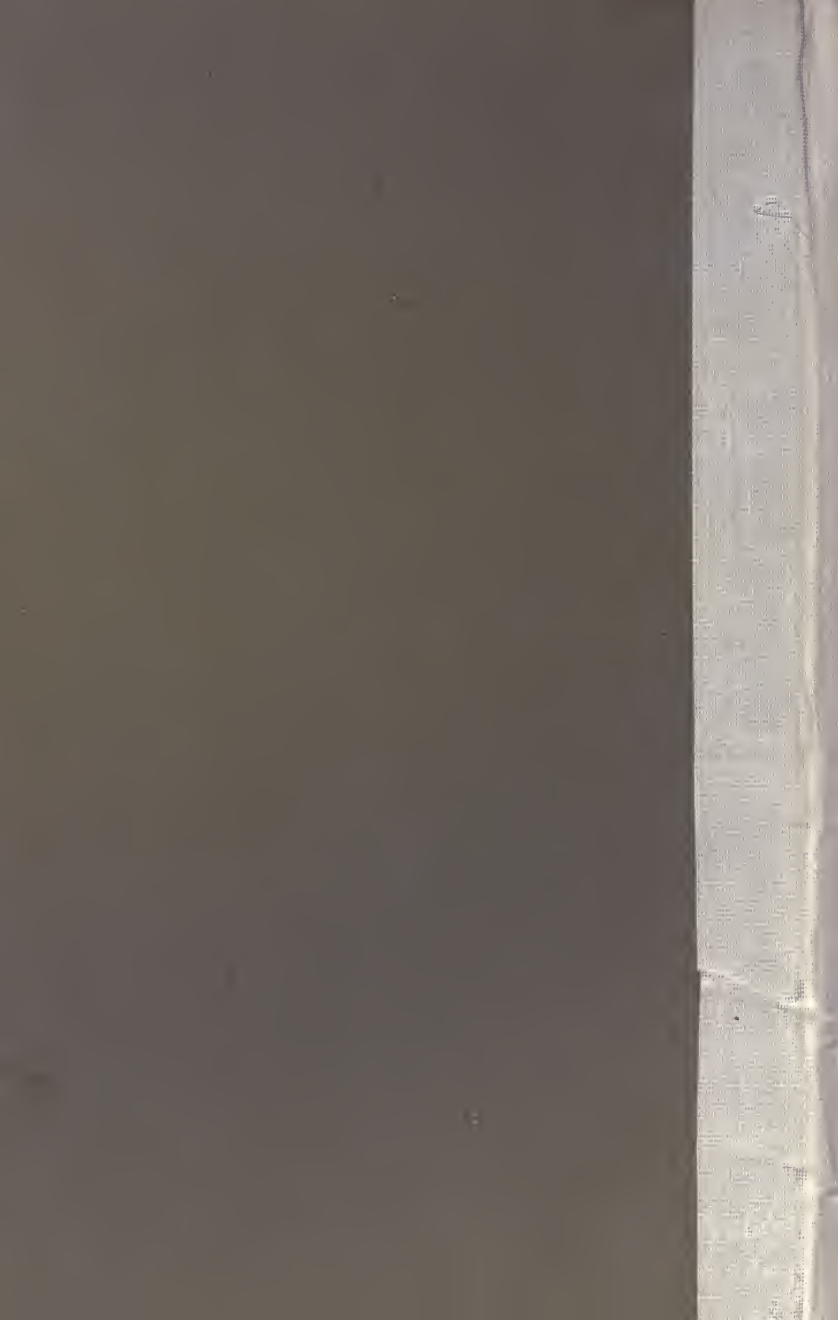
Alice in Wonderland

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ALICE IN WONDERLAND

ADAPTED BY S. S. B.

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TWEEDLE DUM
TWEEDLE DEE
WHITE KNIGHT
QUEEN OF HEARTS
THE WHITE QUEEN
ALICE
THE DUCHESS
THE COOK
FIVE OF HEARTS
BABY

SCENE I.—INTRODUCTION.

SCENE II.—A ROOM (*1st word*).

SCENE III.—A ROOM (*2nd word*).

SCENE IV.—A COURT OF JUSTICE (*whole word*).

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CHARADE.

Scene I. shows ALICE asleep lulled by the figures she is dreaming of. Scenes II., III., IV. represent her dream.

SCENE I.—INTRODUCTION.

Curtain rises, discovers ALICE asleep, all the characters dancing slowly round, waving Pampas grass over her and singing. Lights should be lowered, or coloured lights thrown. Song: "Sleep, my love, sleep." Curtain falls.

CHARADE.—DREAMLAND.

SCENE I (DREAM).

A room with ALICE, DUCHESS, COOK and BABY. Tea table spread.

ALICE. (*looking up over her head*) Well ! I wonder how many miles I've fallen. I must be somewhere near the centre of the earth. Let me see ; that would be 4,000 miles, I think. I wonder what latitude and longitude I've got to. Why, after such a fall as this, I shall think nothing of falling downstairs ! How brave they'll all think me at home ! Why, I wouldn't say anything about it, even if I fell off the top of the house ! (*sneezes, looks round, sees DUCHESS and COOK, all sneeze*)

SONG.

Speak roughly to your little boy,
And beat him when he sneezes.
He only does it to annoy,
Because he knows it teases.
Wow ! Wow ! Wow !

ALICE. There's certainly too much pepper in the soup ! (*looking about ; DUCHESS and COOK take no notice ; timidly*) Please can you tell me why your baby jumps about so ?

DUCHESS. It's a leap year child, and that's why. (*looks at child*) Pig !

ALICE. I didn't know they always jumped.

DUCHESS. They all can, and most of 'em do.

ALICE. I don't know any that do.

DUCHESS. You don't know much, and that's a fact. (*a pause* ; COOK *throws things about*)

ALICE. Oh *please* mind what you're doing. There goes her *precious* nose !

DUCHESS. If everybody minded their own business the world would go round a deal faster than it does.

ALICE. Which would not be an advantage. Just think what work it would make with the day and night ! You see the earth takes twenty-four hours to turn on its axis—

DUCHESS. Talking of axes—chop off her head.

ALICE. Twenty-four hours, I *think* ; or is it twelve ?

DUCHESS. Don't bother *me* ; I never could abide figures. (*sings*)—

I speak severely to my boy,
I beat him when he sneezes,
For he can thoroughly enjoy
The pepper when he pleases.
Wow ! wow ! wow !

DUCHESS. Here ! you may nurse it a bit if you like ! I must go and get ready to play croquet with the Queen. (*gives BABY to ALICE ; exit right ; COOK seats herself in front of door*)

ALICE. If I don't take this child away with me they're sure to kill it in a day or two. Wouldn't it be murder to leave it behind ? (*BABY grunts*) Don't grunt ; that's not at all the proper way of expressing yourself. (*grunt*) But, perhaps, it's only sobbing. (*seriously*) If you are going to turn into a pig, my dear, I'll have nothing more to do with you, mind that. (*grunt*) Now what *am* I to do with this baby when I get it home. (*loud grunt ; ALICE stares at BABY, sets it down, and it runs off on four legs, R.*) If it had grown up it would have made a dreadfully ugly child, but it makes rather a handsome pig, I think. (*meditating*) Now, there are some children I know would do very well as pigs if one only knew the right way to change them. (*going to door and seeing COOK.*) Would you tell me, please, which way I ought to go from here ?

COOK. (*staring at ceiling*) That depends a good deal on where you want to go to.

ALICE. I don't much care where—

COOK. Then it doesn't matter which way you go !

ALICE. So long as I go *somewhere*.

COOK. Oh, you're sure to do that, if you only walk far enough.

ALICE. What sort of people live about here ?

COOK. In that direction lives a hatter, in that direction a March hare. Visit either you like. They're both mad.

ALICE. But I don't want to go among mad people.

COOK. Oh, you can't help that ; we're all mad here ! I'm mad, you're mad.

ALICE. How do you know I'm mad ?

COOK. You must be or you wouldn't have come here. By-the-bye, what became of the baby ?

ALICE. It turned into a pig.

COOK. Did you say pig or fig ?

ALICE. I said *pig*.

COOK. I thought it would. (*ALICE tries to get out ; COOK does not move*)

ALICE. Please how am I to get out ?

COOK. I shall sit here till to-morrow (*throws something ; still staring at ceiling*) or next day maybe.

ALICE. How am I to get out ?

COOK. Are you to get out at all ? that's the first question, you know.

ALICE. (*aside*) It's really dreadful the way this creature argues. It's enough to drive one crazy.

COOK. I shall sit here on and off for days and days.

ALICE. But what am I to do ?

COOK. Anything you like.

ALICE. There's no use talking to her, she is perfectly idiotic. (*coming forward*) (*to herself*) Dear ! dear ! How queer everything is to-day, and yesterday everything went on as usual. I wonder if I've been changed in the night ? Let me think. (*Exit COOK*) Was I the same when I got up this morning ? I almost fancy I can remember feeling a little different ; but if I'm not the same, the next question is, Who in the world am I ? Ah ! that's the great puzzle ! I'm sure I'm not Ada, for her hair grows in ringlets and mine doesn't at all—and I'm sure I can't be Mabel, for I know all sorts of things and she, oh ! she knows such a very little. Besides, she's *she*, and I'm *I*, and—oh, dear, how puzzling it all is ! I'll try if I know all the things I used to know. Let me see : 4 times 5 are 12, and 4 times 6 are 13 and 4 times 7 are—— oh, dear, I shall never get to 20 at this rate. However, the multiplication table doesn't signify ; let's try geography. London is the capital of Paris, and Paris the capital of Rome, and Rome—— No, that's all wrong. I must have been changed for Mabel ! I'll try and say " Old Father William " :—

" You are old, Father William," the young man said,

" And your hair has become very white ;

And yet you incessantly stand on your head—

Do you think, at your age, it is right ? "

"In my youth," Father William replied to his son,
 "I feared it might injure the brain ;
 But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
 Why, I do it again and again."

"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,
 And have grown most uncommonly fat ;
 Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door—
 Pray, what is the reason of that ?"

"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his grey locks,
 "I kept all my limbs very supple
 By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box—
 Allow me to sell you a couple."

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too weak
 For anything tougher than suet ;
 Yet you finished the goose with the bones and the beak—
 Pray, how did you manage to do it ?"

"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,
 And argued each case with my wife ;
 And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw
 Has lasted the rest of my life."

"You are old," said the youth, "one would hardly suppose
 That your eye was as steady as ever,
 Yet you balanced an eel at the end of your nose—
 What made you so awfully clever ?"

"I have answered three questions, and that is enough,"
 Said his father ; "don't give yourself airs !
 Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff ?
 Be off, or I'll kick you downstairs !"

I'm sure those are not the right words. (*crying*) I must be Mabel, after all, and I shall have to go and live in that poky little house and have next to no toys to play with ; and, oh ! ever so many lessons to learn ! No, I've made up my mind about it ; if I'm Mabel, I'll stay here. It'll be no use their putting their heads down and saying, "Come up again dear ;" I shall only look up and say "Who am I, then ? Tell me first, and then if I like being that person I'll come up ; if not, I'll stay down here till I'm somebody else"—but, oh dear ! I do wish they would put their heads down. (*crying*) I'm so very tired of being here alone.

During this speech HATTER, MARCH HARE, and FIVE OF HEARTS have entered, R., and taken seats at tea table. FIVE OF HEARTS drops asleep, the others rest an elbow on him on either side ; ALICE suddenly looks at them.

ALICE. How very uncomfortable for the little boy ; only,

as he is asleep, I suppose he doesn't mind. (*ALICE approaches the table*)

HATTER AND HARE. (*together*) No room, no room.

ALICE. There's plenty of room. (*seats herself*)

HARE. Have some wine.

ALICE. I don't see any wine.

HARE. There isn't any.

ALICE. (*angrily*) Then it wasn't very civil of you to offer it.

HARE. It wasn't very civil of you to sit down without being invited.

ALICE. I didn't know it was your table, it is laid for a great many more than three.

HATTER. (*stares at ALICE*) Your hair wants cutting.

ALICE. You should learn not to make personal remarks, it's very rude. (*HATTER opens his eyes*)

HATTER. Why is a raven like a writing desk?

ALICE. (*aside*) Come, we shall have some fun now! I am glad they've begun asking riddles. (*aloud*) I believe I can guess that.

HARE. Do you mean you think you can find out the answer to it?

ALICE. Exactly so.

HARE. Then you should say what you mean.

ALICE. (*hastily*) I do—at least I mean what I say, which is the same thing, you know.

HATTER. Not the same a bit. Why, you might as well say that "I see what I eat" is the same thing as "I eat what I see."

HARE. You might as well say that "I like what I get" is the same thing as "I get what I like."

FIVE OF H. You might as well say that "I breathe when I sleep" is the same thing as "I sleep when I breathe."

HATTER. (*to FIVE OF H.*) It is the same thing with you. (*looks at his watch and shakes it*) What day of the month it is!

ALICE. (*considering*) The fourth.

HATTER. Two days wrong! I told you butter wouldn't suit the works.

HARE. It was the best butter.

HATTER. Yes, but some crumbs must have got in as well—you shouldn't have put it in with the bread knife.

HARE. (*takes watch, dips it in teacup; gloomily*) It was the best butter, you know.

ALICE. (*looking over his shoulder*) What a funny watch! It tells the day of the month, and doesn't tell what o'clock it is!

HATTER. Why should it? Does your watch tell you what year it is!

ALICE. Of course not, but that's because it stays the same year for such a long time together.

HATTER. That's just the case with mine.

ALICE. (*puzzled*) I don't quite understand you.

HATTER. The Five of Hearts is asleep again. (*pours tea on his nose*)

FIVE OF H. Of course, of course, that's just what I was going to remark myself.

HATTER. Have you guessed the riddle yet?

ALICE. No, I give it up. What is the answer?

HATTER. I haven't the slightest idea.

HARE. Nor I.

ALICE. (*sighing*) I think you might do something better with the time than wasting it in asking riddles that have no answer.

HATTER. If you knew Time as well as I do you wouldn't talk about wasting *it*, it's *him*.

ALICE. I don't know what you mean.

HATTER. Of course you don't. I dare say you never even spoke to Time.

ALICE. Perhaps not, but I know I have to beat time when I learn music.

HATTER. Ah! That accounts for it. He won't stand beating. Now if you only kept on good terms with him, he'd do almost anything you liked with the clock. For instance, suppose it were nine o'clock in the morning, just time for lessons, you'd only have to whisper a hint to Time and round goes the clock in a twinkling—half-past one, time for dinner.

HARE. I only wish it was.

ALICE. That would be grand, certainly, but then—I shouldn't be hungry you know.

HATTER. Not at first, perhaps, but you could keep it to half-past one as long as you liked.

ALICE. Is that the way you managed?

HATTER. Not I. We quarrelled last March, when he went mad, you know. (*points with spoon at MARCH HARE*) It was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing—

“Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!
How I wonder what you're at!”

You know the song perhaps?

ALICE. I've heard something like it.

HATTER. It goes on, you know, in this way—

“Up above the world you fly,
Like a tea tray in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle—”

FIVE OF H. (*half asleep*) Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, etc.
(*the others pinch and stop him*)

HATTER. Well, I'd hardly finished the first verse when the Queen bawled out, “He's murdering the time! Off with his head!”

ALICE. How dreadfully savage!

HATTER. (*sighing*) And ever since that he won't do a thing I ask! It's always six o'clock now.

ALICE. Is that the reason so many tea things are laid?

HATTER. Yes, that's it; it's always tea time, and we've no time to wash the things between whiles.

ALICE. Then you keep moving round, I suppose?

HATTER. Exactly so, as the things get used up.

ALICE. But what happens when you get to the beginning again?

HARE. Suppose we change the subject. I'm getting tired of this. I vote the young lady tells us a story.

ALICE. (*alarmed*) I'm afraid I don't know one.

HARE AND HATTER. Then Five of Hearts shall. Wake up Five!

FIVE OF H. I wasn't asleep. I heard every word you fellows were saying.

HARE. Tell us a story.

ALICE. Yes, please do.

HATTER. And be quick about it, or you'll be asleep again before it is done.

FIVE OF H. (*hurriedly*) Once upon a time there were three little sisters, and their names were Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie, and they lived at the bottom of a well.

ALICE. What did they live on?

FIVE OF H. They lived on treacle.

ALICE. (*gently*) They couldn't have done that, you know; they'd have been ill.

FIVE OF H. So they were; very ill.

ALICE. But why did they live at the bottom of a well?

HARE. Take some more tea.

ALICE. (*offended*) I've had nothing yet, so I can't take more.

HATTER. You mean you can't take less; it is very easy to take more than nothing.

ALICE. Nobody asked your opinion.

HATTER. (*triumphantly*) Who's making personal remarks now?

ALICE. (*looks puzzled ; takes tea and bread and butter ; to FIVE OF H.*) Why did they live at the bottom of a well?

FIVE OF H. (*after a pause*) It was a treacle well.

ALICE. There's no such thing.

HATTER AND HARE. Sh! Sh!

FIVE OF H. If you can't be civil you'd better finish the story for yourself.

ALICE. (*humbly*) No, please go on, I won't interrupt you again. I daresay there may be *one*.

FIVE OF H. (*indignant*) *One* indeed! And so these three little sisters—they were learning to draw, you know.

ALICE. What did they draw?

FIVE OF H. Treacle.

HATTER. I want a clean cup, let's all move one place on. (*they all move, ALICE very unwillingly, as the MARCH HARE has upset milk jug into his plate*)

ALICE. But I don't understand. Where did they draw the treacle from?

HATTER. You can draw water from a water-well, so I should think you could draw treacle from a treacle well—eh, stupid?

ALICE. (*to FIVE OF H.*) But they were *in* the well.

FIVE OF H. Of course they were—well in. They were learning to draw, and they drew all manner of things—everything that begins with an M.

ALICE. Why with an M?

HARE. Why not?

FIVE OF H. *has fallen asleep ; HATTER pinches him ; he shrieks and goes on.*

FIVE OF H. That begins with an M, such as, mouse traps, and the moon, and memory, and muchness—you know you say things are much of a muchness. Did you ever see such a thing as a drawing of a muchness?

ALICE. Really, now you ask me, I don't think—

HATTER. Then you shouldn't talk.

ALICE. I never heard anything so disgustingly rude in my life. Its the stupidest tea party I ever was at in all my life.

WHITE QUEEN *has entered, walks across stage, drops shawl ; ALICE goes and picks it up, and offers it to her.*

ALICE. Am I addressing the White Queen?

WHITE QUEEN. Well, yes, if you call that a-dressing. It isn't my notion of the thing.

ALICE. If your Majesty will only tell me the right way to begin, I'll do it as well as I can.

W. Q. (*groaning*) But I don't want it done at all! I've been a-dressing myself for the last two hours.

Exit HATTER and MARCH HARE, R.; and FIVE OF HEARTS, L.

ALICE. (*aside*) It would have been better if she had somebody else to do it—she's so dreadfully untidy. Every single thing's crooked and she's all over pins! (*aloud*) May I put your shawl straight for you?

W. Q. (*in a melancholy voice*) It's out of temper, I think. I've pinned it here and I've pinned it there, but there's no pleasing it!

ALICE. It can't go straight, you know, if you pin it all on one side (*putting it straight*) and, dear me, what a state your hair is in!

W. Q. The brush got entangled in it, and I lost the comb yesterday. (*ALICE puts her tidy*)

ALICE. Come, you look better now! But you really should have a lady's maid!

W. Q. I'm sure I will take you with pleasure. Two pence a week, and jam every other day.

ALICE. (*laughing*) I don't want you to hire me, and I don't care for jam.

W. Q. It's very good jam.

ALICE. Well, I don't want any *to-day*, at any rate.

W. Q. You couldn' have it if you *did* want it. The rule is jam to-morrow, and jam yesterday, but never jam to-day.

ALICE. It must come sometimes to jam to-day.

W. Q. No, it can't. It's jam every other day; to-day isn't any other day, you know.

ALICE. I don't understand you. It's dreadfully confusing.

W. Q. That's the effect of living backwards. It always makes you a little giddy at first.

ALICE. Living backwards! I never heard of such a thing.

W. Q. But there's one great advantage of it, one's memory works both ways.

ALICE. I'm sure mine only works one way. I can't remember things before they happen.

W. Q. It's a poor sort of memory that only works backwards.

ALICE. What sort of things do you remember best?

W. Q. Oh! things that happen the week after next. For instance, now (*takes plaster from her pocket and sticks large piece on her finger*) there's the King's messenger, he's in prison now being punished, and the trial doesn't even begin till next Wednesday; and, of course, the crime comes last of all.

ALICE. Suppose he never commits the crime?

W. Q. That would be all the better, wouldn't it?

ALICE. Of course it would be all the better; but it wouldn't be all the better for his being punished.

W. Q. You are wrong there, at any rate; were you ever punished?

ALICE. Only for faults.

W. Q. (*triumphantly*) And you were all the better for it, I know.

ALICE. Yes, but then I had done the things I was punished for; that makes all the difference.

W. Q. But if you had not done them that would have been better still, (*speaking louder and louder*), better and better—

ALICE. There's a mistake somewhere—

W. Q. Oh! Oh! (*shaking finger*) My finger's bleeding. Oh! Oh! (*shrieks*; ALICE holds hands to ears)

ALICE. What is the matter? Have you hurt your finger?

W. Q. I haven't pricked it yet, but I soon shall. Oh!

ALICE. When do you expect to do it?

W. Q. When I fasten my shawl again, the brooch will come undone again. (*fastens shawl*)

ALICE. Take care! you are holding it all crooked!

W. Q. (*smiling*) That accounts for the bleeding, you see. Now you understand the way things happen here.

ALICE. But why don't you scream now? (*hands ready to put over ears again*)

W. Q. What would be the good of having it all over again? Why, I've done all the screaming already.

ALICE. I'm very glad of that.

W. Q. I wish I could manage to be glad? Only I can never remember the rule. You must be very happy, living here, and being glad whenever you like!

ALICE. Only I'm so far from home. (*begins to cry*)

W. Q. (*wrings hands in despair*) Oh, don't go on like that. Consider what a great girl you are. Consider what a long way you have come to-day. Consider what o'clock it is. Consider anything, only don't cry!

ALICE. (*laughing through tears*) Can you keep from crying by considering things?

W. Q. (*decidedly*) That's the way it's done; nobody can do two things at once, you know. Let's consider your age to begin with. How old are you?

ALICE. I'm twelve and a-half exactly.

W. Q. You needn't say, "exactly." I can believe without that. Now, I'll give you something to believe. I'm just one hundred and one, five months, and a day!

ALICE. I can't believe that.

W. Q. Can't you? Try again. Draw a long breath and shut your eyes.

ALICE. There's no use trying; one can't believe impossible things.

W. Q. I daresay you haven't had much practice. When I was your age I always did it for half an hour a day. Why sometimes I've believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast. (*enter KING OF HEARTS and WHITE KING, L., WHITE KING stares at ALICE*)

WHITE KING. What—is—this?

W. Q. This is a child! We only found it to-day. It's as large as life and twice as natural.

KING OF HEARTS. Is it alive?

W. Q. It can talk.

KING OF H. Talk, child.

ALICE. Do you know we were just talking about what the Queen did when she was young.

KING OF H. When *we* were little we went to school by the sea. The master was an old Turtle; we used to call him Tortoise.

ALICE. Why did you call him Tortoise if he wasn't one?

KING OF H. We called him Tortoise because he *taught us*—really you are very dull!

W. K. You ought to be ashamed of yourself for asking such a simple question. (*long pause, both KINGS look hard at ALICE*)

W. K. Drive on, old fellow! Don't be all day about it.

KING OF H. Yes, we went to school by the sea, though you mayn't believe it.

ALICE. I never said I didn't.

KING OF H. You did.

W. K. Hold your tongue!

KING OF H. We had the best of educations—in fact we went to school every day.

ALICE. I've been to a day school too; you needn't be so proud as all that.

KING OF H. With extras?

ALICE. Yes, we learnt French and music.

KING OF H. And washing?

ALICE. (*indignantly*) Certainly not!

KING OF H. Oh! then yours wasn't really a good school. Now, at ours we had at the end of the bill French, music, and *washing* extra.

ALICE. How many hours a day did you do lessons?

KING OF H. Ten hours a day the first day, nine the next, and so on.

ALICE. What a curious plan!

KING OF H. That's the reason they are called lessons, because they lessen from day to day.

ALICE. (*thinks awhile*) Then the eleventh day must have been a holiday?

KING OF H. Of course it was.

ALICE (*eagerly*) And how did you manage on the twelfth?

KING OF H. That's enough about lessons; tell her something about the games now.

W. K. Perhaps she would like to try one of the dances.

ALICE. Very much indeed.

KING OF H. Let's try the first figure of the Lobster Quadrille.

W. K. It's called the Lobster Quadrille because there are no lobsters in it.

Enter QUEEN OF HEARTS, WHITE QUEEN, DUCHESS, HATTER, COOK and MARCH HARE. All but ALICE sing and dance.

"Will you walk a little faster?" said a whiting to a snail,
"There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my tail;

See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance!
They are waiting on the shingle—will you come and join the dance?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?

"You can really have no notion how delightful it will be
When they take us up and throw us, with the lobsters out to sea!"

But the snail replied "Too far, too far!" and gave a look askance—

Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would not join the dance.

Would not, could not, would not, could not, could not join the dance;

Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not join the dance.

"What matters it how far we go," his scaly friend replied,
"There is another shore, you know, upon the other side,
The further off from England the nearer 'tis to France—
Then turn not pale, beloved snail, but come and join the dance.

CHORUS: Will you, won't you, etc.

Exeunt, L., QUEEN OF HEARTS and MARCH HARE; R., DUCHESS and HATTER.

ALICE. Thank you, it's a very interesting dance, and I do so like the curious song about the whiting.

KING OF H. Oh, as to the whiting, they—— you've seen them, of course?

ALICE. I believe so; they have their tails in their mouths, and they're all over crumbs.

KING OF H. You're wrong about the crumbs, crumbs would wash off in the sea. But they have their tails in their mouths; and the reason is (*yawns and shuts his eyes*) Tell her the reason and all that.

W. K. The reason is, they would go with the lobsters to the dance. So they got thrown out to sea. So they had to fall a long way. So they got their tails fast in their mouths. So they couldn't get them out again. That's all.

ALICE. Thank you. It's very interesting. I never knew so much about a whiting before.

W. K. I can tell you more than that if you like. Do you know why it is called a whiting?

ALICE. I never thought about it. Why?

W. K. (*solemnly*) It does the boots and shoes.

ALICE. (*wondering*) Does the boots and shoes?

W. K. What are your shoes done with?

ALICE. (*looks at her shoes*) They're done with blacking, I believe.

W. K. Boots and shoes under the sea are done with whiting. Now you know.

ALICE. And what are they made of?

W. K. Soles and eels, of course; any shrimp could have told you that. (KING OF HEARTS *gets sleepy*)

ALICE. (*hums over song*) If I'd been the whiting I'd have said to the porpoise, "Keep back, please; we don't want you with us!"

W. K. They were obliged to have him with them; no wise fish would go anywhere without a porpoise.

ALICE. Wouldn't it, really?

W. K. Of course not; why, if anyone came to me and said, he was going for a journey, I should say, "With what porpoise."

ALICE. Don't you mean "purpose?"

W. K. I mean what I say.

KING OF H. Can you repeat poetry?

ALICE. I can, generally, but I tried just now, and the words all came out different.

KING OF H. That's very curious.

W. K. "All came out different." I should like to hear her repeat something now. Tell her to begin.

KING OF H. Stand up and say, "It's the voice of the sluggard."

ALICE. (*aside*) How these people order one about and make one repeat lessons. I might just as well be at school at once. (*repeats*)—

"'Tis the voice of the lobster, I heard him declare,
You have baked me too brown, I must sugar my hair ;
As a duck with his eyelids, so he with his nose,
Trims his belt and his buttons, and turns out his toes."

W. K. That's different from what I used to say when I was a child.

KING OF H. Well, I never heard it before, but it sounds uncommon nonsense.

W. K. I should like to have it explained.

KING OF H. She can't explain it. Go on with the next verse.

W. K. But about his toes? How could he turn them out with his nose, you know?

ALICE. (*puzzled*) It's the first position in dancing.

KING OF H. Go on with the next verse, it begins "I passed by his garden."

ALICE. "I passed by his garden and marked with one eye
How the owl and an oyster were sharing a pie."

W. K. What is the use of repeating all that stuff if you don't explain it as you go on? It's by far the most confusing thing I ever heard.

KING OF H. Yes, I think you had better leave off. Shall we try another figure of the lobster quadrille, or would you like the White Queen to sing you a song?

ALICE. Yes, please, I should like that.

KING OF H. Well, then, let's have "Turtle Soup."

W. Q. (*sings*; KING OF HEARTS *sinks on to the floor, puts on a nightcap, sleeps and snores during the song. The rest join in chorus*)

"Beautiful soup, so rich and green,
Waiting in a hot tureen !
Who for such dainties would not stoop ?
Soup of the evening, beautiful soup !
Soup of the evening beautiful soup !
Beau——ootiful soo——oop !
Beau——ootifull soo——oop !
Soo——oop of the e——evening
Beautiful, beautiful soup."
"Beautiful soup ! Who cares for fish,
Game, or any other dish ?

Who would not give all else for two p—
 Ennyworth only of beautiful soup ?
 Pennyworth only of beautiful soup ?
 Beau——ootiful soo——oop !
 Beau——ootiful soo——oop !
 Soo——oop of the e—e—evening,
 Beautiful, beauti—FUL SOUP !”

ALICE. (*frightened*) Are there any wild beasts about ?

W. K. It's only the King of Hearts snoring. Come and look at him. Isn't he a lovely sight !

COOK. And he's snoring fit to snore his head off.

W. K. What do you think he's a dreaming about ?

ALICE. Nobody can guess that.

W. K. Why, about you ! And if he left off dreaming about you, where do you suppose you'd be ?

ALICE. Where I am now, of course.

W. K. Not you ! You'd be nowhere. Why you are only a sort of a thing in his dream !

COOK. If that there king was to wake up you'd go out bang—just like a candle.

ALICE (*indignantly*) I shouldn't ! Besides, if I'm only a sort of a thing in his dream, what are *you*, I should like to know ?

W. K. Ditto.

COOK. Ditto, ditto.

ALICE. Hush ! you'll be waking him, I'm afraid, if you make so much noise.

W. K. Well, it's no use your talking about waking him, when you're only one of the things in his dream. You know very well you are not real.

ALICE. I am real. (*begins to cry*)

W. K. You won't make yourself a bit realer by crying—there's nothing to cry about.

ALICE. If I wasn't real, I shouldn't be able to cry.

W. K. I hope you don't suppose those are real tears.

ALICE. I believe they're talking nonsense, and it's foolish to cry about it. But supposing it is true after all and I really am nothing but part of the king's dream ?

CURTAIN FALLS.

SCENE II.—LAND.

A room; ALICE looking out of window L., door on the R.
Enter QUEEN OF HEARTS, R.

QUEEN OF HEARTS. Where do you come from? What are you doing? Look up, speak nicely, and don't twiddle your fingers all the time.

ALICE. If you please I was going to try and find my way—

QUEEN OF H. I don't know what you mean by your way; all the ways about here belong to me. But why did you come here at all? Curtsey while you are thinking, it saves time.

ALICE. (*aside*) I'll try that when I go home, the next time I'm a little late for dinner.

QUEEN OF H. (*looks at watch*) It's time for you to answer me now. Open your mouth a *little* wider when you speak, and always say "Your Majesty."

ALICE. I only wanted to see what sort of land this was,—
"Your Majesty."

QUEEN OF H. (*patting her on head*) That's right, though I've seen lands compared with which this would be a swamp.

ALICE. And I thought I should like to get to the top of that hill—

QUEEN OF H. When you say hill I could show you hills in comparison with which you'd call that a valley.

ALICE. No, I shouldn't, a hill can't be a valley, you know. That would be nonsense.

QUEEN OF H. You may call it nonsense if you like, but I've heard nonsense compared with which that would be as sensible as a dictionary. (*ALICE curtseys*) Is this a better land than you come from, or would you rather return at once?

ALICE. I'm quite content to stay here for the present, thank you, only I *am* so hot and thirsty.

QUEEN OF H. I know what you'd like. (*takes box from pocket*) Have a biscuit. (*ALICE takes it reluctantly*) While you're refreshing yourself I'll just take the measurements. (*Takes yard measure from pocket, kneels, and measures as she talks.*) At the end of two yards I shall give you your directions—have another biscuit?

ALICE. No, thank you, one is quite enough.

QUEEN OF H. Thirst quenched, I hope? At the end of hree yards I shall repeat them for fear of your forgetting

them. At the end of four I shall say goodbye ; at the end of five I shall go, but you make no remark.

ALICE. I—I didn't know I had to make one.

QUEEN OF H. You should have said, It's extremely kind of you to tell me all this—however, we'll suppose it all said. By and bye we shall meet again. Speak in French when you can't remember the English for a thing—turn out your toes as you walk and remember the whole land belongs to me Good-bye.

Exit QUEEN, R. TWEEDLEDUM and TWEEDLEDEE have entered, L., and stands side by side, arms round each other's necks.

ALICE. (*examining them*) Dum ! Dee ! Oh, I suppose they've each got Tweedle round at the back of the collar. (*goes to look*)

TWEEDLEDUM. If you think we're waxworks you ought to pay, you know. Waxworks weren't made to be looked at for nothing. Nohow !

TWEEDLEDEE. Contrariwise, if you think we're alive you ought to speak.

ALICE. I'm sure I'm very sorry. (*sings*)

“Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee agreed to have a battle,
For Tweedledum said Tweedledee had spoilt his nice new
rattle,

Then down there came a monstrous crow as black as a tar-
barrel,

Which frightened both these heroes so, they quite forgot
their quarrel.”

T. DUM. You've begun wrong ! The first thing in a visit
is to say, How d'ye do, and shake hands.

*They offer her their hands and all begin to dance and
sing, “Here we go round the mulberry bush.”*

T. DUM. That'll do ; quite enough for one dance. (*they
stop and pant*)

ALICE. (*aside*) I wonder what I ought to say now. Not
how d'ye do. We seem to have got beyond that somehow—
I hope you are not much tired ?

T. DUM. Nohow. And thank you very much for asking

T. DEE. So much obliged ! You like poetry ?

ALICE. Ye-es, pretty well—*some* poetry.

T. DEE. Say, “The Walrus and the Carpenter”—it's the
longest.

T. DUM. “The Walrus and the Carpenter”—

ALICE. If it's very long I'm afraid I can't wait.

T. DUM. (*pays no heed but repeats*) “The Walrus and the
Carpenter.”

"THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER"

The walrus and the carpenter
Were walking close at hand ;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand :
" If this were only cleared away,"
They said " it would be grand."

" O, oysters come and walk with us !"
The walrus did beseech,
" A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach.
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each."

The walrus and the carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low :
And all the little oysters stood
And waited in a row.

" But wait a bit," the oysters cried,
" Before we have our chat ;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat !"
" No hurry ! " said the carpenter.
They thanked him much for that.

" A loaf of bread," the walrus said,
" Is what we chiefly need ;
Pepper and vinegar besides,
Are very good indeed.
Now, if you're ready, oysters dear,
We can begin to feed."

" But not on us," the oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.
" After such kindness that would be
A dismal thing to do !"
" The night is fine," the walrus said,
" Do you admire the view ?

" It was so very kind of you to come,
And you are very nice !"
The carpenter said nothing but—
" Cut us another slice ;
I wish you were not quite so deaf—
I've had to ask you twice !"

"It seems a shame," the walrus said,
 "To play them such a trick,
 After we've brought them out so far,
 And made them trot so quick!"
 The carpenter said nothing but—
 "The butter's spread too thick!"

"I weep for you," the walrus said,
 "I deeply sympathise."
 With sobs and tears he sorted out
 Those of the largest size,
 Holding his pocket-handkerchief
 Before his streaming eyes.

"O oysters," said the carpenter,
 "You've had a pleasant run!
 Shall we be trotting home again?"
 But answer came there none—
 And this was scarcely odd, because
 They'd eaten every one.

ALICE. I like the walrus best because you see he was a little sorry for the poor oysters.

T. DEE. He eat more than the carpenter, though. You see he held his handkerchief in front so that the carpenter couldn't count how many he took.

ALICE. That was mean! Then I like the carpenter best—if he didn't eat as many as the walrus.

T. DUM. But he ate as many as he could get.

ALICE. Well! they were both very unpleasant characters.

T. DUM. (*in a rage*) Do you see *that*?

ALICE. It's only a rattle—not a rattle snake, you know, only an old rattle—quite old and broken.

T. DUM. I knew it was. (*stamps; tears hair*) It's spoilt, of course! (*looks at TWEELEDEE, who tries to shut himself up in large umbrella*)

ALICE. You needn't be so angry about an old rattle.

T. DUM. It's new, I tell you. I bought it yesterday. My nice New Rattle! Of course, you agree to have a battle?

T. DEE. I suppose so, only she must dress us, you know. (*they fetch all sorts of things*)

T. DUM. I hope you are a good hand at pinning and trying strings? Every one of these things has to go on somehow or other.

ALICE. (*aside*) Really, they'll be more like bundles of old clothes than anything else by the time they're ready.

T. DUM. (*with bolster*) Please put that round my neck to keep my head from being cut off. You know it is one of the

most serious things that can happen to one in a battle is to get one's head cut off—Do I look very pale?

ALICE. Well—yes—a little.

T. DUM. I'm very brave, generally; only to-day I happen to have a headache.

T. DEE. And I've got a toothache. I'm far worse than you.

ALICE. Then you'd better not fight to-day.

T. DUM. We *must* have a bit of a fight, but I don't care about going on long. What's the time now?

ALICE. Half-past four.

T. DUM. Let's fight till six, and then have dinner.

T. DEE. Very well, and *she* can watch us, only you'd better not come very close. I generally hit everything I can see when I get really excited.

T. DUM. And I hit everything within reach, whether I can see it or not.

ALICE. And all this fuss about a rattle.

T. DUM. I shouldn't have minded it so much if it hadn't been a new one.

ALICE. (*aside*) I wish the monstrous crow would come.

T. DEE. There's only one sword, you know, but you can have the umbrella, it's quite as sharp. (*They fight and then sit and pant*)

Enter WHITE KING, R.

W. K. Have you seen two messengers? They are both gone to town. Just look along the road and tell me if you can see either of them.

ALICE. I see nobody on the road. (*exit TWEEDLEDUM and TWEEDLEDEE*)

W. K. I only wish I had such eyes! To be able to see nobody, and at that distance too! Why, it is as much as I can do to see real people by this light!

ALICE. I see somebody now, but he's coming very slowly, and what curious attitudes he goes into!

W. K. Not at all, he's an Anglo-Saxon messenger, and those are Anglo-Saxon attitudes. He only does them when he is happy; his name is Haigha.

ALICE. I love my love with an H because he is happy. I hate him because he is hideous. I fed him with ham sandwiches and hay. His name is Haigha, and he lives—

W. K. He lives on the hill. The other messenger is called Hatta. I must have two, you know, to come and go; one to come and one to go.

ALICE. (*puzzled*) I beg your pardon?

W. K. It isn't respectable to beg.

ALICE. I only meant I didn't understand.

Enter, L., MARCH HARE, out of breath, waves his hands ; attitudes.

W. K. This young lady loves you with an H. (MARCH HARE makes more faces, etc.) You alarm me ! Give me a ham-sandwich ! (MARCH HARE takes one from bag)

W. K. Another sandwich.

HARE. There's nothing but hay left now.

W. K. Hay then. (to ALICE) There's nothing like eating hay when you are faint.

ALICE. I should think throwing cold water over you would be better, or sal volatile.

W. K. I didn't say there was nothing better, I said there was nothing like it. Who did you pass on the road ?

HARE. Nobody.

W. K. Quite right, this young lady saw him too, so of course Nobody walks slower than you.

HARE. I do my best. I'm sure nobody walks much faster than I do.

W. K. He can't do that, or else he'd have been here first. However, now you've got your breath, you may tell me what's happened in the town.

HARE. I'll whisper it. (shouts in his ear) They're at it again !

W. K. Do you call that a whisper ? If you do such a thing again, I'll have you buttered ; it went through and through my head like an earthquake !

ALICE. (aside) It would have been a very tiny earthquake. (aloud) Who are at it again ?

HARE. Why the lion and the unicorn, of course.

ALICE. Fighting for the crown ?

W. K. Yes, to be sure, and the best of it is, that it is my crown all the while ! I'm going to see them. (exit R. ; enter, L., KING OF HEARTS, seats himself ; exit MARCH HARE, R.)

ALICE. (repeats to herself)

"The Lion and the Unicorn were fighting for the ——"

KING OF H. Don't stand chattering to yourself like that, but tell me your name and your business.

ALICE. My name is Alice, but——

KING OF H. It's a stupid sort of name. What does it mean ?

ALICE. Must a name mean something ?

KING OF H. Of course it must, my name does.

ALICE. Why do you sit there alone ?

KING OF H. Why ? Because there's nobody with me ! Did you think I didn't know the answer to that ? Ask another !

ALICE. What a beautiful cravat you have got on !

KING OF H. It's a present from the White King and Queen. There now!

ALICE. Is it really?

KING OF H. They gave it to me for an un-birthday present.

ALICE. I beg your pardon?

KING OF H. I'm not offended.

ALICE. I mean what is an un-birthday present?

KING OF H. A present given when it isn't your birthday.

ALICE. I like birthday presents best.

KING OF H. You don't know what you are talking about. How many days are there in a year?

ALICE. 365.

KING OF H. And how many birthdays have you?

ALICE. One.

KING OF H. And if you take one from 365, what remains?

ALICE. 364, of course.

KING OF H. I'd rather see it done on paper.

ALICE *makes a sum of it in a book and gives it to him.*

KING OF H. That seems to be done right—

ALICE. You're holding it upside down!

KING OF H. To be sure I was? I thought it looked a little queer. As I was saying, it *seems* to be done right—though I haven't time to look it over thoroughly just now—and that shows that there are 364 days when you might get un-birthday presents—

ALICE. Certainly.

KING OF H. And only one for birthday presents—there's glory for you?

ALICE. I don't know what you mean by glory.

KING OF H. Of course, you don't—till I tell you. I meant that there is a nice knock down argument for you.

ALICE. But "glory" doesn't mean "a nice knock down argument."

KING OF H. When I use a word it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less.

ALICE. The question is whether you *can* make words mean so many different things.

KING OF H. The question is, Which is to be master? That's all. However, this conversation is getting on a little too fast; let's go back to the remark before one.

ALICE. I'm afraid I can't quite remember it.

KING OF H. In that case we start fresh, and it's my turn to choose a subject—

ALICE. (*aside*) He talks about it just as if it was a game.

KING OF H. So here's a question for you. How old did you say you were?

ALICE. Twelve years and six months.

KING OF H. Wrong! You never said anything like it.

ALICE. I thought you meant, "How old are you?"

KING OF H. If I'd meant that I'd have said it. (*thoughtfully*) Twelve years and six months. An uncomfortable sort of age. Now, if you had asked my advice, I'd have said "Leave off at seven," but it is too late now.

ALICE. I never ask advice about growing.

KING OF H. Too proud?

ALICE. I mean that one can't help growing older.

KING OF H. One can't, perhaps, but *two* can. With proper assistance you might have left off at seven.

Enter WHITE KNIGHT, R. ; ALICE looks at him.

WHITE KNIGHT. I see you are admiring my little box—it's my own invention to keep clothes and sandwiches in. You see I carry it upside down, so that the rain cannot get in.

ALICE. But the things can get out. Do you know the box is empty?

Exit KING OF HEARTS, R.

KNIGHT. I didn't know it. Then all the things must have fallen out! And the box is no use without them. (*unfastens box and hangs it up.*) Can you guess why I did that? In hopes some bees may make a nest in it—then I should get some honey.

ALICE. But you've got a bee-hive, or something like one there.

KNIGHT. Yes, it's a very good bee-hive, one of the best of its kind. But not a single bee has come near it yet. The other thing is a mouse-trap. I suppose the mice keep the bees out, or the bees keep the mice out, I don't know which.

ALICE. I was wondering what the mousetrap was for. It isn't very likely that there would be any mice on your back.

KNIGHT. Not very likely, perhaps, but if they do come, I don't choose to have them running all about. I hope you've got your hair well fastened on?

ALICE. Only in the usual way.

KNIGHT. That's hardly enough. You see the wind in this land is very strong. It is as strong as soup.

ALICE. Have you invented a plan for keeping hair from being blown off?

KNIGHT. No, but I've invented a plan to keep it from falling off.

ALICE. I should like to hear it very much.

KNIGHT. First you take an upright stick. Then you make your hair creep up it like a fruit tree. Now, the reason hair falls off is because it hangs down; things never

fall upwards, you know. It's my own invention ; you may try it if you like. (*Walks on, falls over chair ; ALICE helps him up*) I'm a great hand at inventing things. Now, I daresay you noticed when you picked me up I was looking rather thoughtful ?

ALICE. You were a little grave.

KNIGHT. Well, just then I was inventing a new way of getting over a gate. Would you like to hear it ?

ALICE. Very much indeed.

KNIGHT. I'll tell you how I came to think of it. You see I said to myself : The only difficulty is with the feet ; the head is high enough already. Now, first I put my head on the top of the gate ; then the head's high enough ; then I stand on my head ; then my feet are high enough, you see ; then I'm over, you see.

ALICE. Yes, I suppose you'd be over when that was done, but don't you think it would be rather hard ?

KNIGHT. I haven't tried it yet, so I can't tell for certain, but I'm afraid it would be a little hard.

ALICE. What a curious helmet you've got ! Is that your own invention too ?

KNIGHT. Yes, but I've invented a better one than that. I put it on once, but it took hours and hours to come off ; it was as fast as—as lightning, you know.

ALICE. But that is a different kind of fastness.

KNIGHT. It was all kinds of fastness with me, I can assure you. (*waves hands, walks about, falls over chair, hangs with head down*) All kinds of fastness.

ALICE. How can you talk with your head down ?

KNIGHT. What does it matters where my body happens to be ? My mind goes on working all the same. In fact, the more head downwards I happen to be, the more I keep inventing new things. (*sits*) Now the cleverest thing of the sort I ever did was inventing a new pudding during the meat course.

ALICE. In time to have it cooked ? Well that was quick work, certainly.

KNIGHT. Well, not the next course, no, certainly not the next course.

ALICE. Then it would have to be next day. I suppose you wouldn't have two pudding courses at one dinner ?

KNIGHT. Well, not the *next* day, not the next *day*. In fact I don't think that pudding ever was cooked. In fact I don't believe that pudding ever will be cooked ! And yet it was a clever pudding to invent.

ALICE. What did you mean it to be made of ?

KNIGHT. It began with blotting paper.

ALICE. That wouldn't be very nice I'm afraid——

KNIGHT. Not very nice alone, but you've no idea what a difference it makes, mixing it with other things—such as gunpowder and sealing wax. And now I must leave you—but you are sad ; let me sing a song to comfort you.

ALICE. Is it very long ?

KNIGHT. It is long, but it is very beautiful. Everybody that hears me sing it—either it brings tears into their eyes, or else—— (*long pause*)

ALICE. Or else what ?

KNIGHT. Or else it doesn't, you know. The name of the song is called Haddock's Eyes.

ALICE. Oh, that's the name of the song, is it ?

KNIGHT. No, you don't understand ; that is what the name is called. The name really is "The aged, aged man."

ALICE. Then I ought to have said that is what the song is called.

KNIGHT. No, you oughtn't ; that is quite another thing. The song is called "Ways and Means," but that is only what is called, you know.

ALICE. Well, what is the song then ?

KNIGHT. I was coming to that. The song really is "A sitting on a gate," and the tune is my own invention.
(*song*)—

"A SITTING ON A GATE."

I'll tell thee everything I can ;

There's little to relate.

I saw an aged aged man

A-sitting on a gate.

"Who are you, aged man ?" I said,

"And how is it you live ?"

His answer trickled through my head

Like water through a sieve.

He said, "I look for butterflies

That sleep among the wheat ;

I make them into mutton pies,

And sell them in the street.

I sell them unto men," he said,

"Who sail on stormy seas,

And that's the way I get my bread—

A trifle, if you please."

But I was thinking of a plan

To dye one's whiskers green,

And always use so large a fan

That they could not be seen.

So, having no reply to give
 To what the old man said,
 I cried, "Come, tell me how you live!"
 And thumped him on the head.

"I sometimes dig for buttered rolls,
 Or set limed twigs for crabs;
 I sometimes search the grassy knolls
 For wheels of hansom cabs,
 And that's the way (he gave a wink)
 By which I gets my wealth,
 And very gladly will I drink
 Your honour's noble health."

I heard him then, for I had just
 Completed my design,
 To keep the Menai bridge from rust
 By boiling it in wine.
 I thanked him much for telling me
 The way he got his wealth;
 But chiefly for his wish that he
 Might drink my noble health.

And now, if e'er by chance I put
 My fingers into glue,
 Or madly squeeze a right-hand foot
 Into a left-hand shoe,
 Or if I drop upon my toe
 A very heavy weight,
 I weep, for it reminds me so
 Of that old man I used to know—

Whose look was mild, whose speech was slow,
 Whose hair was whiter than the snow,
 Whose face was very like a crow,
 With eyes, like cinders, all aglow,
 Who seemed distracted with his woe,
 Who rocked his body to and fro,
 And muttered mumblingly and low,
 As if his mouth were full of dough,
 Who snorted like a buffalo—
 That summer evening, long ago,
 A-sitting on a gate.

ALICE. Thank you very much. I like it very much.

KNIGHT. I hope so, but you didn't cry as much as I thought you would. Goodbye—in a few minutes you will be a queen. (*they shake hands ; exit KNIGHT, L. ; ALICE goes to door, R., and knocks ; QUEEN OF HEARTS' head appears.*)

QUEEN OF H. No admittance till the week after next.
(*bangs door ; enter COOK, L. ; ALICE continues knocking*)

ALICE. Whose business is it to answer this door ?

COOK. Which door ?

ALICE. This door, of course.

COOK. To answer the door ? What has it been asking of ?

ALICE. I don't know what you mean.

COOK. I speaks English, doesn't I ? Or are you deaf ?
What did you ask it ?

ALICE. Nothing. I've been knocking at it.

COOK. Shouldn't do that ; shouldn't do that. Wexes it
you know. You let it alone and it'll leave you alone.

Door opens ; song—" To the looking glass creatures ;"

To the wonderland world, it was Alice who said,
" I've a sceptre in hand, I've a crown on my head ;
Let the wonderland creatures, whatever they be,
Come and dine with the Heart Queen, the White Queen
and me."

CHORUS.

Then fill up your glasses as quick as you can,
And sprinkle the table with buttons and bran ;
Put cats in the coffee and mice in the tea—
And welcome Queen Alice with thirty times three !

" O Wonderland creatures," quoth Alice, " draw near
'Tis an honour to see me, a favour to hear ;
'Tis a privilege high to have dinner and tea
Along with the Heart Queen, the White Queen, and me !"

CHORUS.

Then fill up the glasses with treacle and ink,
Or anything else that is pleasant to drink ;
Mix sand with the cider and wool with the wine—
And welcome Queen Alice with ninety times nine !

*Enter WHOLE COMPANY ; procession ; they crown ALICE,
give her sceptre and cloak, salute her, and exeunt all but
QUEEN OF HEARTS and WHITE QUEEN.*

ALICE. Well, this is grand. But how uncomfortable it is.
However, if I really am a Queen, I shall be able to manage
it quite well in time. (to QUEENS) Please could you tell
me—

QUEEN OF H. Speak when you are spoken to.

ALICE. But if everybody obeyed that rule, and if you only
spoke when you were spoken to, and the other person always
waited for you to begin, nobody would ever say anything, so
that—

QUEEN OF H. Ridiculous ! Why, don't you see, child. (pause) What do you mean by, "If you really are a queen." What right have you to call yourself so ? You can't be a queen till you've passed the proper examination, and the sooner we begin it the better. (COOK and FIVE OF HEARTS and MARCH HARE bring chairs for QUEENS and stool for ALICE in centre)

ALICE. I only said *if*.

QUEEN OF H. She says she only said *If*.

W. Q. But she said a great deal more than that ! Oh, ever so much more than that.

QUEEN OF H. So you did, you know. Always speak the truth—think before you speak, and write it down afterwards.

ALICE. I'm sure I didn't mean—

QUEEN OF H. That is just what I complain of ! You should have meant ! What do you suppose is the use of a child without any meaning ? Even a joke should have some meaning, and a child is more important than a joke, I hope. You couldn't deny that, even if you tried with both your hands.

ALICE. I don't deny things with my hands.

QUEEN OF H. Nobody said you did. I only said you couldn't if you tried.

W. Q. She is in that state of mind that she wants to deny something, only she doesn't know what to deny.

QUEEN OF H. A nasty, vicious temper.

W. Q. I daresay she has not had many lessons in manners.

ALICE. Manners are not taught in lessons. Lessons teach you to do sums and things of that sort.

W. Q. Can you do addition ? What do 1 and 1 and 1 and 1 and 1 and 1 make ?

ALICE. I don't know, I lost count.

QUEEN OF H. She can't do addition. Can you do subtraction ? Take 9 from 8.

ALICE. Nine from 8 you can't you know, but—

W. Q. She can't do *subtraction*. Can you do division ? Divide a loaf by a knife, what is the answer ?

ALICE. I suppose—

QUEEN OF H. Bread and butter, of course. Try another subtraction sum. Take a bone from a dog, what remains ?

ALICE. The bone wouldn't remain, of course, if I took it ; and the dog wouldn't remain, it would come to bite me, and I'm sure *I* shouldn't remain.

QUEEN OF H. Then you think nothing would remain.

ALICE. Yes, I think that is the answer.

QUEEN OF H. Wrong, as usual! The dog's temper would remain.

ALICE. But I don't see how—

QUEEN OF H. Why, look here, the dog would lose its temper, wouldn't it?

ALICE. Perhaps it would.

QUEEN OF H. Then if the dog went away its temper would remain.

ALICE. They might go different ways. (*aside*) What dreadful nonsense they are talking.

QUEENS. (*together*) She can't do sums a bit.

ALICE. Can you do sums? (*to WHITE QUEEN*)

W. Q. (*gasps*) I can do addition if you give me time—but I can't do *subtraction* under any circumstances. Of course you know your A B C?

ALICE. To be sure I do.

W. Q. (*in a whisper*) So do I; we'll often say it over together, dear.

QUEEN OF H. Can you answer useful questions? How is bread made?

ALICE. I know that—first you take some flour——

W. Q. Where do you pick the flower? In a garden or in the hedges?

ALICE. Well, it isn't picked at all, it's ground——

W. Q. How many acres of ground? You musn't leave out so many things.

QUEEN OF H. Fan her head! She'll be feverish after so much thinking. (*they fan her*) She is all right again now. Do you know languages! What's the French for fiddle-de-dee?

ALICE. Fiddle-de-dee is not English.

QUEEN OF H. Whoever said it was?

ALICE. If you'll tell me what language Fiddle-de-dee is, I'll tell you the French for it.

QUEEN OF H. Queens never make bargains.

ALICE. (*aside*) I wish queens never asked questions.

W. Q. Don't let's quarrel. What is the cause of lightning?

ALICE. The cause of lightning is thunder. No, no! I mean the other way.

QUEEN OF H. It's too late to correct it. When you've once said a thing, that fixes it and you must take the consequences.

W. Q. Which reminds me we had such a thunder-storm last Tuesday—I mean one of the last set of Tuesdays, you know.

ALICE. In our land there's only one day at a time.

QUEEN OF H. That's a poor thin way of doing things.

Now here, we mostly have days and nights two or three of a time, and sometimes in winter we take as many as five or six nights together—for warmth, you know.

ALICE. Are five nights warmer than one night?

QUEEN OF H. Five times as warm, of course.

ALICE. But they should be five times as cold by the same rule.

QUEEN OF H. Just so! Five times as warm and five times as cold; just as I am five times as rich, and five times as clever as you are.

W.Q. It was such a thunderstorm you can't think——

QUEEN OF H. She never could, you know.

W.Q. And part of the roof came off and ever so much thunder got in—and it went rolling round the room in great lumps, and knocking over the tables and things, till I was so frightened, I couldn't remember my own name!

QUEEN OF H. Your Majesty must excuse her; she means well, but she can't help saying foolish things as a general rule. She was never well brought up, but it is amazing how good tempered she is! Pat her on the head and see how pleased she'll be. A little kindness, and putting her hair in curlpapers, would do wonders for her.

W.Q. I am so sleepy. (*slips off chair; puts head on ALICE's lap*)

QUEEN OF H. She is tired, poor thing! Smooth her hair. Lend her your nightcap, and sing her a soothing lullaby.

ALICE. I haven't got a nightcap with me, and I don't know any soothing lullabies.

QUEEN OF H. I must do it myself, then (*sings*)—

Hush-a-by, lady, on Alice's lap!

Till the feast's ready, we've time for a nap.

When the feast's over, we'll go to the ball:

Heart Queen, and White Queen, and Alice and all!

And now you know the words, just sing it through to me. I'm getting sleepy too. (*sits like WHITE QUEEN*).

ALICE. What am I to do? I don't think it ever happened before that anyone had to take care of two Queens asleep at once! No, not in all the history of England. It couldn't, you know, because we never have more than one queen at a time in our land. (*sings lullaby as curtain falls*)

SCENE III—DREAMLAND.

A court ; KING and QUEEN OF HEARTS on throne, C ; HERALD (MARCH HARE) on their left ; KNAVE in front in chains ; table with large dish of tarts ; Witnesses: ALICE, HATTER, FIVE OF HEARTS, COOK, L. ; Jury: WHITE KING, TWEEDLEDEE and TWEEDLEDUM, DUCHESS and WHITE QUEEN, R.

ALICE. (*looking about*) I wonder when they will get the trial done ; I wish they'd be quick and hand round the refreshments ! That is the judge because of his big wig, and that's the jury-box, and those, I suppose, are the jurors. What are they doing ? They can't have anything to put down, because the trial hasn't begun.

HATTER. They are putting down their names for fear they should forget them before the end of the trial.

ALICE. Stupid things !

HARE. Silence in the court !

KING OF H. Herald, read the accusation.

HERALD. (*blows three blasts on trumpet ; reads*)—

The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts,
All on a summer's day.

The Knave of Hearts, he stole those tarts,
And took them right away.

KING OF H. Consider your verdict.

HARE. Not yet, not yet ; there is a great deal more to come before that.

KING OF H. Call the first witness.

HERALD. (*blows trumpet*) First witness !

HATTER. (*comes forward*) I beg your pardon, your Majesty, for bringing these in, but I hadn't quite finished my tea when I was sent for.

KING OF H. You ought to have finished. When did you begin ?

HATTER. Fourteenth of March, I think it was.

COOK. Fifteenth !

FIVE OF H. Sixteenth !

KING OF H. Write that down. (*to HATTER*) Take off your hat.

HATTER. It isn't mine.

W. K. Stolen !

HATTER. I keep them to sell. I've none of my own. I'm

a Hatter. (QUEEN OF HEARTS stares at HATTER. *He moves uneasily from one foot to other*)

KING OF H. Give your evidence and don't be nervous or I'll have you executed on the spot.

QUEEN OF H. Bring me a list of the singers at the last concert.

KING OF H. Give your evidence, or I'll have you executed, whether you are nervous or not.

HATTER. I'm a poor man, your Majesty, and I hadn't begun my tea, more than a week or so, and what with the bread and butter getting so thin, and the twinkling of the tea——

KING OF H. The twinkling of the what?

HATTER. It began with the tea.

KING OF H. Of course twinkling begins with a T. Do you take me for a dunce? Go on.

HATTER. I'm a poor man, and most things twinkled after that, only the cook said——

COOK. I didn't!

HATTER. You did!

COOK. I deny it!

KING OF H. She denies it, leave out that part.

HATTER. Well at any rate Five of Hearts said—— (*looks round*; FIVE OF HEARTS *is asleep*) After that I had some more bread and butter.

W. K. But what did Five of Hearts say?

HATTER. That I can't remember.

KING OF H. You must remember, or I'll have you executed.

HATTER. I'm a poor man, your Majesty. (*drops on knees*)

KING OF H. You are a very poor speaker. (TWEEDLEDEE *cheers*; *is put in sack by other JURORS*)

ALICE. (*aside*) I'm glad I've seen that done. I've so often read in papers at the end of trials, "There was some attempt at applause, which was immediately suppressed," and I never understood how it was done.

KING OF H. If that's all you know about it you may stand down.

HATTER. I can't go no lower, I'm on the floor as it is.

KING OF H. Then you may sit down. (TWEEDLEDEE *cheers, and is suppressed*)

ALICE. (*aside*) Come, that finishes them, now we shall get on better.

HATTER. I'd rather finish my tea.

KING OF H. You may go. (HATTER *jumps up meaning to go*)

QUEEN OF H. And just take his head off outside. (HATTER *changes his mind and resumes seat*)

KING OF H. Call the next witness.

HERALD. (*blows trumpet*) Second Witness.

COOK *rises with pepper box, shakes it, all sneeze.*

KING OF H. Give your evidence.

COOK. Shan't !

HARE. Your Majesty must cross-examine this witness.

KING OF H. Well, if I must I must. What are tarts made of ?

COOK. Pepper mostly.

FIVE OF H. Treacle !

QUEEN OF H. Collar that child ! Behead that child ! Turn that child out of court ! Suppress him ! Pinch him ! Off with his head !

KING OF H. Never mind, my dear. Call the next witness. Really, my dear, you must examine the next witness. It quite makes my forehead ache !

ALICE. (*aside*) I wonder what the next witness will be like, for they haven't got much evidence yet !

HARE. (*blows*) Alice.

ALICE. Here.

KING OF H. What do you know about this business ?

ALICE. Nothing.

KING OF H. Nothing *whatever* ?

ALICE. Nothing whatever.

KING OF H. That's very important.

HARE. Unimportant your Majesty means, of course.

KING OF H. Unimportant, I meant, of course. Important, unimportant, important, unimportant, important. (*goes on muttering, then takes notebook and writes*) Silence ! Rule 42, 'All persons more than a mile high to leave the court.'

All look at ALICE.

ALICE. I'm not a mile high.

KING OF H. You are.

QUEEN OF H. Nearly two miles.

ALICE. Well, I shan't go at any rate ; besides that's not a regular rule. You invented it just now.

KING OF H. It's the oldest rule in the book.

ALICE. Then it ought to be No. 1.

KING OF H. Consider your verdict.

HARE. There's more evidence to come yet. Please, your Majesty, this paper has just been picked up.

KING OF H. What's in it ?

HARE. I haven't opened it yet, but it seems to be a letter written by the prisoner to somebody.

KING OF H. It must have been that, unless it was written to nobody, which isn't usual, you know.

W. K. Who is it directed to?

HARE. It isn't directed at all; in fact there's nothing written on the outside. It isn't a letter after all; it's a set of verses.

DUCHESS. Are they in the prisoner's handwriting?

HARE. No, they're not, and that's the queerest thing about it.

KING OF H. He must have imitated somebody else's hand.

KNAVE. Please, your Majesty, I didn't write it, and they can't prove I did. There's no name signed at the end.

KING OF H. If you didn't sign it, that only makes matters worse. You must have meant some mischief, or else you would have signed your name like an honest man.

Everyone claps but KNAVE.

QUEEN OF H. That proves his guilt.

ALICE. It proves nothing of the sort! Why, you don't even know what they are about!

KING OF H. Read them.

HARE. Where shall I begin, please, your Majesty?

KING OF H. Begin at the beginning, and go on till you get to the end, and then stop.

HARE. (*reads*)—

They told me you had been to her,
And mentioned me to him:
She gave me a good character,
But said I could not swim.

He sent them word I had not gone
(We know it to be true):
If she should push the matter on,
What would become of you?

I gave her one, they gave him two,
You gave us three or more;
They all returned from him to you,
Though they were mine before.

If I or she should chance to be
Involved in this affair,
He trusts to you to set them free,
Exactly as we were.

My notion was that you had been
(Before she had this fit)
An obstacle that came between
Him, and ourselves, and it.

Don't let him know she liked them best,
For this must ever be
A secret, kept from all the rest,
Between yourself and me.

KING OF H. This is the most important piece of evidence we've had yet, so now let the jury—

ALICE. If anyone can explain it I'll give him sixpence. I don't believe there's an atom of meaning in it.

KING OF H. If there's no meaning in it that saves a world of trouble, you know, as we needn't try to find any. And yet I don't know, I seem to see some meaning in it, after all. "And said I could not swim." You can't swim, can you?

KNAVE. Do I look like it?

KING OF H. All right, so far. "We know it to be true," that's the jury, of course. "I gave her one, they gave him two"—why, that's what he did with the tarts, you know.

ALICE. But it goes on, "They all returned from him to you"—

KING OF H. Why there they are. Nothing can be clearer than that. "Before she had this fit"—you never had fits, my dear, I think?

QUEEN OF H. *Never! (jury pick up letter and look at it)*

KING OF H. Then the words don't fit you—*(silence)* It's a pun. *(all laugh)* Let jury consider their verdict.

QUEEN OF H. No, no! Sentence first, verdict afterwards.

ALICE. Stuff and nonsense! The idea of having the sentence first.

QUEEN OF H. Hold your tongue!

ALICE. I won't!

QUEEN OF H. Off with her head! *(all stand)*

ALICE. Who cares for you or for what is done in Dream-land?

ALL wail and throw up their arms; ALICE drops down asleep; the others dance slowly round her singing
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